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THE SOLILOQUY OF A GREAT MAN.

A NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Down, down, down, derry down.*

LONDON:
Printed for TOM ROBINS in *Fleet-Street.*

THE

SOLILOQUY

OF A

GREAT MAN.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 JUN 55

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THE SOLILOQUY OF A GREAT MAN.

I.

AS *R****** one Morning, in cogit'ive Mood,
Sate muſing, I trow, on his Country's Good,
And pleas'd that his Wiſdom had kept it from Blood.

With his down, down, &c.

II.

He thus to himſelf, in a rapturous Strain,
Began to repeat all his Conqueſts and Gain,
And the Miracles wrought by his Purſe and his Brain.

With a down, down, &c.

III. What

III.

What have I not done to procure 'em a Peace?
What Friend is not paid with Coin, Penſion, or Place?
Or, who can diſpute what I've done in this Caſe?

With my down, down, &c.

IV.

My Friends are all true, and both H—ſes agreed,
And pray are not Both of 'em prettily fee'd?
To tell you the Truth, not before—they had need!

With a down, down, &c.

V.

While I and my Son can command all the Caſh,
The Nation ſhall all feel the Sting of my Laſh,
And t'oppoſe me, ſhall find it is fooliſh and raſh.

With a down, down, &c.

VI.

Why, let the World cenſure, or Merchants complain;
My Buſneſs is now to be Friends with Old *Sp--n*:
And as for their Ships they ſhall—ſearch 'em again.

With a down, down, &c.

VII.

What a Noiſe have the Boobies all made for an *Ear?
As if ſuch a Trifle was worthy my Care:
—'Twas well they left one,—ſince they had 'em both there!

With a down, down, &c.

* Captain *Jenkins*'s Ear, that was cut off by the *Spaniards*.

VIII.

If we ſhou'd allow ſuch proud Fellows to prate,
And trouble the H—ſe with their Noiſe and Debate,
—The Devil cou'd ne'er guide the Helm o'the State.

With a down, down, &c.

IX.

'Gainſt Placemen they grin, and they chatter like Apes,
And envy the Profit an honeſt Man reaps;
The Reaſon is plain, like the Fox by the Grapes.

With a down, down, &c.

X.

In Point of right Logic, I think this the Caſe;
The Honour is not in the Houſe, but the Place;
For P—ns can never be deem'd a Diſgrace.

With a down, down, &c.

XI.

Perhaps you'll ask where is the Gold I have ſwept?
The T--es are great! and the N——n's in Debt!
Why---half is expended, and -- the reſt I have kept.

With my down, down, &c.

XII.

Shou'd any enquire how much I can clear,
Firſt let 'em conſider m'Expence e'ery Year:
---But faith you ſhall all of you pay for it dear!

With a down, down, &c.

XIII. There's

XIII.

There's *W*—, *T*—, and wiſe Mr. ——.
My Friend at the *H*–*gue*, and a Man for *Turin*,
All fit for my Turn, and their Heads—truly green!

With a down, down, &c.

XIV.

There's ſome who will ſwagger, and riot, and curſe,
And 'midſt of a Mob will ſtir up a great Fuſs;
But I have a Set who will–worſhip my Purſe.

And cry up and down, &c.

XV.

I'll tell you my Friends what a Length I can run,
If e'er I've a Project, ſo ſure as a Gun,
'Tis name but the Thing, and,—the Thing ſhall be done!

With a down, down, &c.

XVI.

If I had a Mind to bring ** again,
And much leſs to make up a Treaty with *Spain*,
The Devil a Soul but wou'd do it for Gain!

With a down, down, &c.

XVII.

There's *H-d*–*k*, as eager and fierce as a Shark,
I know wou'd have ſwallow'd the *A*——*s* with a Jerk,
If I had not pinion'd his Hands from the Work.

With my down, down, &c.

XVIII. And

XVIII.

And now they may ſend out their *St——d* and *N——s*;
But ſuch I can tell you, th'State of the War is,
That *Cuba* as ſoon may be taken as *Paris*.

With a down, down, &c.

XIX.

Pray what d'you imagine the T—es are for?
To ſquander away in a fooliſh Sea-W—?
No! 'tis better contriv'd by a G——r and S—!

With a down, down, &c.

XX.

E——ns are coſtly, where all muſt be cramm'd;
But more ſo if any againſt us ſhould ſtand:
But, no Matter, petition!---then your C——y be damn'd.

With a down, down, &c.

XXI.

So long as we keep up our Number of V——s,
We're ſure we can hang on our Country's Coats,
And we'll never want Caſh, while they're all worth two Groats.

With a down, down, &c.

XXII.

The Noble L—d *B----re*, loud, with Pretence
That we have been laviſh in N——l Expence,
Might as well have been ſilent,— ſince we have the Pence.

With a down, down, &c.

XXIII. And

XXIII.

And now all our T—s to the Camp muſt repair,
To whet up their Stomachs, and taſte the freſh Air;
But 'faith they ſhall ne'er be employ'd in a W—.

With a down, down, &c.

XXIV.

What tho' we indulg'd 'em about the Ex—e,
On which they have raiſed a Million of Lies,
You know it was only to raiſe—us Supplies!

With a down, down, &c.

XXV.

The Scheme was approv'd by old *Samuel Leech*,
And ſo you may find by almoſt ev'ry Sp—ch;
But ſince it was damn'd--they may all kiſs his Br—ch.

With a down, down, &c.

F I N I S.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 JUN 55